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000 dance. Miles of snow-capped peaks will suddenly appear far above the earth and disappear as quickly and as magically as they came. There will be the sweet voice of a lovely girl singing of love under a poplar tree in a tiny garden of a village. Once more the wind will whine off 25,000-foot peaks, carrying the sting of sleet on its wings. The shouts, the whistles, the cries of the muleteers, and the medley of dozens of bells of the mule train will fill the place. Acres of poppies once more will stretch as far as the eye can see. Deep-throated horns, blown by scraggy lamas, will echo and re-echo off canyon walls. Miles of cinquefoil will cover a mountain range with yellow and reds; and acres of geraniums will give a bluish cast to stands of fir and pine. And perhaps loveliest of all will be the sound of a flute—a flute blown by a lonely shepherd high on the crags, a flute whose music sounds like falling water.

• 122 I could not find in the United States the person who had the firsthand information about Himalayan treks which I needed. So I visited India in 1950 on a preliminary and exploratory trip. I arrived at Ranikhet late at night in a pouring rain. Ranikhet, an old British hill station presently garrisoned by the Indian Army, sits on a 6,000-foot ridge facing the Garhwahl Himalayas across an 80-mile valley. I despaired of seeing the Snows in the few days I had reserved for Ranikhet, as the monsoon lay heavily over the ranges. But my coming was a good omen. There had been no sun for thirty days. At dawn of the morning following my arrival the sky was clear. The Himalayas—200 miles of them—lay exposed in front of me. Nanda Devi, Trisul, and other giant peaks punched the sky at points where mountains are not supposed to be. Their grandeur left me without words. In the mornings I would be up before dawn waiting for the sun to hit the glaciers. One morning I saw a finger of light no bigger than a pencil race like mad across the 200-mile stretch of solid ice and snow. That night I saw the sun slowly form a band of light across the same 200-mile length of glaciers—a band that turned from gold to red to gray to purple and then, as the sun set, jumped off into space and disappeared, as if waved away by some magic wand.

These were startling experiences that whetted my appetite. I

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laid my plans carefully. I canvassed the problem of porters, of food, and of equipment at Ranikhet. I planned to return in June 1951, enter the Himalayas through Almora, and take a long trek to Kailas, a historic place of pilgrimage in Tibet.

These well-laid plans were changed by events. By the spring of 1951 Tibet was no longer hospitable to Americans. So I moved my operations westward and designed a trek from Manali to Leh. Even so the venture remained what it had been from the beginning—a mountain expedition. And the book was to be about glaciers, high passes, blue poppies, rhododendrons, snow leopards, geology, Himalayan sunsets, and the folk songs of the trails. It was in other words to be a mountain book.

But I planned in ignorance. Before I got where I was going I realized that I was traveling Central Asia as witness to one of the most dramatic and important political stories of the century. The mountains remained, serving as the backdrop for the story; but the story was new, exciting, and disturbing, with precious little relevance to the lofty peaks which looked down on the events that shaped the destiny of Central Asia.

Central Asia is mostly in Russia and Tibet. But the northern stretch of India and the outposts of Pakistan that nestle in the Karakorams are also Central Asia. They are *one world;* the Communist regimes that lie to the north are a *second world;* we of the West, propelled by events so fast that we have little time to learn what we have done yesterday or where we are going tomorrow, are still a *third world.* It is the interplay of these *three worlds* that furnishes the underlying theme of the book.

I went first to Afghanistan, where I visited Kabul, the capital, and then turned north and crossed the Hindu Kush by the Shibar Pass, dropping down to the ancient Buddhist town of Bamian. Then I retraced my steps to Kabul and returned to West Pakistan over the Khyber Pass, stopping at the city of Peshawar. From there I went north to the Kingdom of Swat for a brief visit. Then I flew the western stretch of the Himalayas to Gilgit and took some trips into the area that stretches along the Sinkiang border. These journeys preceded the long trek which I made on foot and by pack train from Manali to Leh in the Indian Himalayas. Yet I

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In 1931, he married a Tamil woman (that is, someone not of his community) and his eldest son was born in 1932. He subsequently had two more children, two daughters, in 1943 and 1936.

It was in 1935 that he began acting as interpreter and "guide", as he termed it, to Dr. M. B. Emeneau, and he continued to do so until 1938. He also served others in the same capacity during this time, and his health, happily, remained good. In 1939, he acted as my interpreter, but in 1942 he became seriously ill again with his old affliction, and, in Travancore, in the American Hospital of Trivandrum, was successfully operated upon for a second time. On his return he became an influential member of the Toda Welfare Committee, a body set up by the Collector of the Nilgiris to assist the community.

Since then, he has been residing at the Toda Christian colony near Fern Hill, Ootacamund, where he has a small plot of land and a vegetable garden, the produce of which he sells in the local market. From the latest news that I have received from him, I understand that he is still carrying on with these same occupations, working hard and with a considerable measure of success to improve the lot of his fellow Todas, to whom he is attached with a devotion amounting nearly to a fanatical "nationalism", for he refuses to let his erstwhile connection with a Christian Mission "detribalize" him in any way.

Those who have helped me in the same way as the informants and interpreters mentioned in the preceding paragraphs, have been far greater in number in the areas of Tibetan affinity, in the Himalayas, than in any other of the fields which I visited. In addition to assistants and interpreters of the kind I have already described, they also include Tibetologists and teachers from whom I obtained, not only information about Tibetan polyandry, but also a general knowledge of everything Tibetan which has stood me in good stead.

First and foremost among such helpers should be mentioned Dr. George Nikolaivitch Roerich. Initially, we became acquainted in 1938, when he was residing with his father, the late Professor Nicolas Roerich, his mother and his brother, Svetoslav, at Nagar, in the Kulu valley of the Punjab. It was through him that I met the Gya-kar K'ham-pa chieftain, Tsewang Norbu, and the former monk, Lobsang, from Shigatse. Through his intermediary too, my wife and I equipped ourselves properly for the 600 miles trek from Kulu to Kashmir over Lahul, Rupchu and Ladak.

Our second meeting was in Kalimpong, West Bengal, in 1950. Disturbances resulting from the partition of India into India proper and

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the ways of the Ladakis enabled the Reverend Asboe to enrich greatly my store of knowledge.

Through his intermediary, I made the acquaintance of the late Joseph Gergan (*dGe-rGan*), native minister of the Mission, and of his son-in-law, Nono Tseten P'hüntzok (*Ts'he-brTan P'hun-Ts'hogs*). The first of these two outstanding Christian personalities of Ladak acted as my mentor and teacher in the Tibetan dialect of Ladak; he was also my guide during my leisurely return to Srinagar from Leh. His son-in-law was my interpreter and helper during my interviews with polyandrous households in the country round Leh and, later, even in Kalimpong, he was most helpful in furnishing me with additional material and information as well as in assisting me to give greater accuracy to the data collected.

At the other end of India, during the years in which I was in residence in Kalimpong after World War II, I made considerable use of the knowledge and good will of Mr. G. Tharchin of the Tibetan "Mirror" Press in that town. I had already met this learned man, proficient in both English and Tibetan, a native of Kunu (*K'hu-nu* (*Kunawar*) or Rampur Bashahar), in the U.P., during my first visit to Kalimpong in 1938–39. He had just returned from Lhasa at the time, after having accompanied there the late Theos Bernard as guide and interpreter. On my return eleven years later, he not only helped me to collect the material that I wanted and to make Tibetan contacts such as I desired, but also gave me lessons in the language and taught me the rudiments of reading and writing Tibetan.

Earlier on, soon after my arrival in Kalimpong in 1950, Dr. George Roerich had found me an excellent first teacher in Tibetan. His name was Champa Sangta (*Pyams-pa gSang-bTag*) and he was a refugee in India. Formerly, he had been jester and handyman to the Regent of Tibet, Radeng Rimpoche (*Rwa-gDeng Rin-po-ch'he*), assassinated in 1947 in an obscure political intrigue. Reprisals had been taken by the Tibetan Government against the partisans of the murdered leader, and Champ Sangta being one of these, he had escaped over the border to avoid capture. He spoke an excellent Lhasa dialect (the *lingua franca* of the country) and was, besides, well versed in honorific terms, so important for a foreigner to learn if he does not wish to be accused of speaking "coolie language". He was also one of the three best singers of Tibet and often gave me examples of his art, some of which I sound-recorded. Unfortunately, he was illiterate, and could neither read nor write. He spoke no other language than his own, and this forced me to